

I like you a lot by Jancys_Blue_Bayou

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Emotional Hurt/Comfort, F/M, Fluff and Smut, Getting Together, Loss of Virginity, Porn With Plot, Porn with Feelings, Romance, Slight AU set post majority of S1 but pre-epilogue, Smut

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-30

Updated: 2018-01-30

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:34:21

Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,934

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

He's laying in bed, staring at the ceiling, listening to New Order and trying to work out what his life is. Will's back but he's not the same. Alternate dimensions exists. Monsters are real. The government is evil. And Nancy Wheeler makes him feel funny things.

(Slight AU set before the epilogue at the end of S1. Smutty, but not just smut).

I like you a lot

Author's Note:

My first time writing smut so it might be garbage. From an anon prompt (sorry it took so long!): "Jancys first time where they're both virgins but Nancys more confident whereas Jonathan is a trembling mess☺"

He's laying in bed, staring at the ceiling, listening to New Order and trying to work out what his life is. Will's back but he's not the same. Alternate dimensions exists. Monsters are real. The government is evil. And Nancy Wheeler makes him feel funny things. Suddenly there's a knock on the front door. Something as mundane as that makes him tense up nowadays. He slowly gets up to answer since he's the only one home. His mom and Will is at another check up at the hospital.

"Hi."

It's her. He's slightly taken aback, he didn't expect to see her. They haven't talked much since that night. That night they fought a monster, that night he got his brother back. *That night they almost kissed.* He didn't go back to school right away, staying home to care for his brother that first week before his mom eventually sent him off, saying that at least he needed to return to some normalcy. Whatever normalcy could be now, after all. Nancy has talked to him a couple of times in school. Asking how Will's doing, how he's doing. He's answered. Asked about how she was doing. She'd looked lonely. No Barb by her side, and to his surprise no Steve either. He'd seen her talking with him at her locker once, they'd seemed amicable, friendly. But for the most part he'd seen her walk the halls alone. He wanted to approach her, but he didn't know how to. Didn't know if she wanted it. The few times they talked it had always been she who had sought out him. And now she was here, on his doorstep.

"Hey," he answers after a second when he realizes he's just stared at her without saying anything. She's smiling shyly and got her hair in a ponytail. The autumn sun shines behind her. She's mesmerizing.

"Can I come in?"

"Oh! Yeah, yeah, of course, sorry," he stumbles over his words and steps aside so she can enter.

He takes her coat, she thanks him and looks around.

"House looks better," she says after taking in the wallpaper and the fixed hole in the wall.

"Yeah, Hopper helped me fix it up."

She nods.

"Home alone?"

"Mom took Will to the hospital for a checkup," he informs her.

"Oh. How is he doing?"

The instinctive response is to say he's fine, but since it's Nancy he thinks twice about it. They cut themselves open together. He guesses he can be honest with her.

"I don't know, I worry... sometimes he seems fine, other times... it's like he's different. Maybe things just can't go back to the way they were."

"I'm sorry," she says and looks straight into his eyes for what feels like a long time. "You might be right about that... nothing can go back to the way it was," she continues.

"How are you?" He asks. She looks to be actually thinking about it, just like him preparing an actual honest reply to the question most people answered automatically.

"I uh... not good, to be honest. Barb's dead. She's dead and no one knows, not even her parents and I can't tell them what happened because the government covered it up. Plus I worry about Mike. And I... we know all this stuff now, you know. That we can't tell anyone about. And I just keep thinking... is it over? Can it really be over? I mean, all this stuff is still just... out there... I don't know, I'm rambling, I just... it's been so lonely without Barb, but I feel like... we... went through it together, we know, we... we can talk, right?"

"Yeah, of course," he immediately answers.

"Good," she flashes a smile briefly. "Makes me feel less lonely."

"I thought Steve..." he begins, carefully.

"Oh... Steve and I... yeah that's over."

"Oh," he mirrors her without thinking.

"Yeah I mean, he turned out to be a good guy in the end, y'know..."

"Definitely."

"But it's not... what I want. We're still friends, kind of, but. Think I realized some stuff about myself through all this."

He nods and gestures for her to sit down on the couch when he suddenly realizes they've been standing awkwardly this whole time. He sits down next to her and urges for her to continue.

"Steve was just a brief... I don't know. He was popular. A junior. In with the cool kids. It was something I thought I wanted. Before. But that night... the night Barb disappeared... do you know what the last thing she said to me was?"

He shakes his head.

"She said 'this isn't you'. I brushed her off and went back upstairs. But it was uncomfortable, with Steve and I couldn't get her words out of my head. It felt like I was doing it just to... I don't know, to prove something to myself. To get some status. So I stopped. Before anything you know... happened. Steve was surprisingly okay with it.

I mean, he was disappointed and frustrated but... so I went home."

"I... uh, I'm sorry about the pictures."

"You've already apologized for that," she smiles.

"Yeah but uh, I wanted to say sorry again."

"Well, thanks. But you didn't have to, I forgave you the first time. I could tell you really meant it."

"Yeah."

"I can't sleep," she blurts out.

"Me neither," he confesses.

"I get nightmares. About... that place. About Barb."

"I dream that Will is gone again. I have to get up and check on him every time when I wake up from one."

She nods.

"Mike came into my room last night and shook me awake. I was screaming."

He nods.

"Your name, apparently. He said I was screaming for you."

He looks up, surprised.

"Oh."

"My nightmare is that I'm running around in that place but can't find your voice. I try to remember how it felt, when you pulled me out of the tree trunk. When you held me. It felt safe."

He doesn't know what to say to that. He feels like he has to do something though, so he puts a tentative hand on her knee, hoping to

convey support. That he wants her to always feel safe. She smiles slightly, mumbles "thanks" and puts her hand on top of his. Slowly she turns it around so his palm faces up. Her fingers brush against the now smaller bandage that covers the scar. She has the same on her scarred hand. He's reminded of that night again. Of the electricity between them in that moment. Of what he was just about to do when Steve banged on the door.

Apparently so is she because she looks up and asks him.

"That night... before Steve came. What were you going to say? When you said my name."

He looks at her and swallows hard. What should he say? What could he say? What would he even say? It wasn't exactly words that had been forming in his head then, when he'd said her name. More of an action. She stares at him with big beautiful eyes now like she did then. Should he just...? For a second her gaze drops down to his lips and then back up to his eyes. He feels like he has an inkling of what she's saying, he doesn't need a photograph to analyze this. Screw it.

He leans in and kisses her. Her lips are soft and she makes a small surprised noise but doesn't pull away. The opposite, in fact. When the kiss ends he looks at her and she looks at him and for a split-second it feels like his entire existence hangs in the balance. Then she kisses him, pressing their lips together tight and grasping his cheek, pulling him closer. A dam bursts inside of him then, he kisses her back with the same eagerness. He wants every kiss to last forever, their lips only come apart when they both need air in their lungs before coming together again.

Time stands still so he has no idea for how long they've made out

when she pulls away slightly from his lips and gives him a look. She looks assured. There's a special glimmer in her eyes and a small smile at the corner of her lips.

"Jonathan," she breathes out.

"Nance," he mumbles.

"Let's go to your room."

Words betray him so he nods and stands up, she stands with him and the kisses continue as he backs down the hall the familiar way to his room, she presses him on forward. When they get close he hears music and realizes he forgot to turn off New Order. He can neither think nor walk straight, he's only aware of Nancy, her hands on his shirt collar, her lips on his. She must've kicked his door shut with her foot because her hands haven't left him. He's walking backwards until the back of his legs hits his bed and Nancy gently pushes him down on the covers before she herself follows on top of him.

His hands grips her sides as she straddles him. She sinks her head down and their mouths crash together again. Her hands are in his hair and his travel up her back. She must surely feel him now against her thigh, he thinks because he's definitely very aware of the feel of her against him there. Yep, she must, he decides as a soft whimper escapes her lips when she rolls her hips against him. Her hands leave his hair to fiddle with the buttons on his shirt.

"Nance," he gets out between kisses.

"Yes?" She murmurs before pressing their lips together again.

"Are you sure about this?" He asks. He has no idea what he's doing he just knows he doesn't want to stop despite that. But he has to

know that she's thinking more straight than he is currently. That she won't regret whatever will happen.

"Yes," she breathes out before kissing him again. "Are you?" She then asks.

He nods and she's all over him again, finishing unbuttoning his shirt she adjusts herself slightly and they both sit up somewhat so she can pull it off him. His bare torso makes him feel a bit self-conscious but when she looks down at his chest she bites down on her lip somewhat and her hands play over his chest before she leans in and kisses him again. They break apart and she pushes him down against the covers again. Then she pulls her top off. Her bra soon follows. She's breathtaking.

"You're so beautiful," he manages to get out.

She smiles slightly and leans down against him. She takes his arms and places his hands on her chest. His breath hitches as he gently cups her breasts and her tongue finds his again. Just when he's found himself with this new development her hand travels down and grasps him through his jeans. She's got a playful smile and thankfully some sort of autopilot takes over and he lifts himself up slightly when she's pulled the zipper down so his jeans can come off when she tugs at them. It seems a contortionist's nightmare but she then manages to remove her own too with barely any adjustment of her position on top of him. She's just in her panties when she frees him from his boxers.

He's not proud of the moan that escapes him when her hand grasps his hard cock, but she just keeps that sly smile on her face and watches him with that glint in her eyes as she strokes him. Her other hand goes inside her panties and soon she moans with him. She takes one of his hands and moves it there. He can feel how wet she is as she steers his fingers against herself. She shuts her eyes and goes up an octave when she steers his fingers to her clit. After awhile she pulls her panties down and lift herself up slightly. He suddenly

realizes.

"I... don't have a condom."

"It's okay, I'm on the pill," she says, eyes darting from his cock to his eyes. "I mean, if you're okay with it... do you want to stop?"

"No," he breathes out. He doesn't want to stop. He's pretty sure he couldn't stop even if he wanted to. Not when Nancy is naked on top of him and looking at him like that. "Do you want to stop?" He asks, to make sure.

"Never," she answers. He nods.

She steers him inside of her and slowly, slowly, sinks down on him. She bites her lip in a futile attempt to prevent a moan from escaping. He's completely transfixed by the sight of her as the sensation of her enveloping him takes over. He holds her as she slowly starts rocking her hips against him. Soon they fall into a rhythm and it feels like everything in the world is in complete sync, because the world is just the two of them, their bodies, their moans. Her skin against his. Her hands on his chest, his hands on her hips, her lips against his. His throbbing cock inside her wet pussy.

The sensation builds as she quickens the pace slightly. She starts to moan his name and the light tones her voice reaches and the way she can't seem to make it to the end of the three syllable word somehow makes it the best thing he's ever heard. Soon he feels a familiar but yet unfamiliar feeling, he can feel he's close to the edge but it's a strange, wonderful sensation getting there not by himself but through someone else, through her.

"N-nance," he manages. "I'm gonna..." he trails off, just like her incapable of putting more than a few syllables together at once in

this moment. She nods and again he catches a special glimmer in her eye that he'll remember forever. Instead of slowing down she increases the pace even more. Everything heightens. He shudders and lets out an incoherent murmur as he comes inside of her. The feeling is unbelievable, he's sure his whole body would jerk and twitch if not for her sitting on top of him with her hands pressing down on his chest.

She collapses against him and his cock slides out of her. She buries her face in the crook of his neck and his arms go around her back, holding her close as they just lay there breathing for awhile. She presses a kiss against his shoulder, to his collarbone, to his cheek, then shifts so she's laying more on her side, in his arms, with her head on his shoulder.

"That was amazing," she says.

"Yeah."

They lay in silence for awhile, but it doesn't feel uncomfortable. He runs his fingers through her hair. New Order is still playing and she drums her fingers against his chest, tapping out the beat.

"I like you," she simply states.

"I like you a lot," he reciprocates.

"Me too. A lot, I mean," she counters, looking up at him and pressing another kiss to his cheek before settling down again.

The sound of the front door opening and closing signals the end of their own private reprieve.

"Jonathan, we're home! Jonathan?" His mother calls out.

It sends them both scrambling for their clothes. They hastily get dressed, Nancy fixes her hair and then smooths down the back of his while he turns off New Order. He opens his bedroom door and ventures out with Nancy behind him. He was prepared to have an extremely awkward encounter but prayed that it wouldn't be *that* obvious what they've been doing.

"Hey, mom," he says.

"Oh, hey," she begins as she halts her step, she was heading right towards his bedroom. "Hi," she continues, looking with surprise at Nancy. "I didn't know you were coming over, it's lovely to see you."

"Hi, yeah I just... thought I'd pop by. Nice to see you too, Mrs. Byers," Nancy answers and smiles gently. He avoids his mother's gaze as she looks between them both.

"How did it go?" He thinks to ask and starts to move again, feeling like it could somehow maybe be less awkward if they moved away from his bedroom.

"Oh, you know how it is. Not much to tell. They're hoping the coughing will go away eventually. But we'll have to keep checking in, they're thinking he might need an inhalor eventually if it doesn't go away," his mom relates as they walk out towards the living room.

He nods.

"Hey buddy, how are you feeling?" He asks Will who's sat down in the couch turning on the TV.

"Okay," he answers before looking curiously at Nancy. "Hey, Nancy."

"Hey, Will," she answers. "Glad to see you doing better," she adds.

"Thanks," his little brother answers and for a second looks from Nancy to him, giving him a look he knows means he'll have a lot of questions about this later.

"Will you be staying for dinner, sweetie?" His mom turns to Nancy.

"Oh," she looks between his mom and him, seemingly searching for the appropriate answer. He knows what he wants it to be, he wants her to be around as much as possible, and hopes he can convey that with a look. "I don't want to impose..." Nancy continues.

"Nonsense, we'd be happy to have you!" His mom answers.

"Oh, well in that case... sure, I'd love to," Nancy smiles.

She looks at him and he feels himself smiling back at her.

Author's Note:

Btw stay safe and all that but felt like it'd be OOC for either of them to have condoms on hand, so.